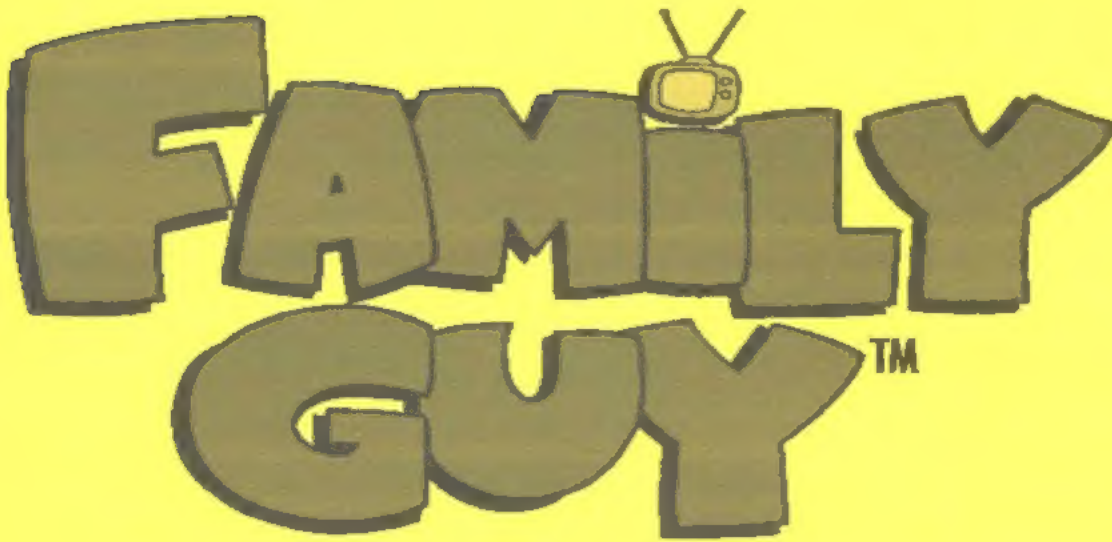


PRODUCTION #EACX19

"A House Full Of Peters"



**FAMILY GUY**

**"A House Full Of Peters"**

Production #EACX19

Written by

Chris Sheridan

Directed by

Joseph Lee

Created by

Seth MacFarlane

Executive Producers

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TABLE DRAFT (WHITE)  
March 9, 2016

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## "A HOUSE FULL OF PETERS"

### CAST LIST FOR #EACX19:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE (SUB: KEVIN BIGGINS)  
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN  
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN (SUB: MARK HENTEMANN)  
MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)  
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE (SUB: JOHN VIENER)  
CLEVELAND BROWN.....MIKE HENRY  
  
ACCORDION PETER.....SETH MACFARLANE (SUB: JOHN VIENER)  
AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN PETER.....SETH MACFARLANE (SUB: AARON LEE)  
AOL GUY.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)  
BONNIE.....JENNIFER TILLY (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)  
DONNA.....SANAA LATHAN (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)  
GAY MAN #1.....TBD (SUB: AARON LEE)  
GAY MAN #2.....TBD (SUB: ARTIE JOHANN)  
INDIAN HOMELESS MAN.....TBD (SUB: AARON LEE)  
JOE.....PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: JOHN VIENER)  
KHAN.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)  
LARRY.....SETH MACFARLANE (SUB: PATRICK MEIGHAN)  
LITTLE PERSON PETER.....SETH MACFARLANE (SUB: ARTIE JOHANN)  
MAN'S VOICE #1/MAN #1.....TBD (SUB: AARON LEE)  
MAN'S VOICE #2/MAN #2.....TBD (SUB: PATRICK MEIGHAN)  
MICHELLE OBAMA.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)  
MORT.....JOHNNY BRENNAN (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
MR. BUTTERWORTH.....TBD (SUB: TRAVIS BOWE)  
MRS. BUTTERWORTH.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)  
NARRATOR.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)  
OSTRICH.....MARK HENTEMANN  
OSTRICH #2.....TBD (SUB: PATRICK MEIGHAN)  
OSTRICHES.....TBD (SUB: P. MEIGHAN / M. HENTEMANN / A. LEE / C. REGAN)  
PETER'S CHILDREN.....TBD (SUB: C. CHEVA / A. JOHANN / D. FAHEY / M. DESILETS)  
POP SECRET.....TBD (SUB: ANTHONY BLASUCCI)  
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
STEVE KROFT.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS REGAN)  
TV ANNOUNCER #1.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)  
TV ANNOUNCER #2.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
TWENTY-YEAR-OLD GIRL/KATIE.....SETH MACFARLANE (SUB: C. CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)  
UPRIGHT COW.....TBD (SUB: MIKE DESILETS)  
WEST VIRGINIA MADSEN.....TBD (SUB: TRAVIS BOWE)

WIFE.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)  
WILLIAM SHATNER.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
WRITER PETER.....SETH MACFARLANE (SUB: TRAVIS BOWE)  
ZOLOFT BLOB.....TBD (SUB: TED JESSUP)

**ACT ONE**

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

The FAMILY, minus Lois, sits around the TV.

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

We now return to "60 Minutes Realizing  
Who Their Audience Is".

**INT. "60 MINUTES" SET - NIGHT (ON TV)**

STEVE KROFT sits on the set, addressing a camera.

STEVE KROFT

(SHOUTING) Welcome back to "60  
Minutes"! Sorry about all the  
commercials, but your kids tried to  
teach you how to use the DVR! And  
now, back to a story about the guys  
who invented Tabasco! You've seen it  
already, but that's okay because  
you've completely forgotten it!

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)**

LOIS enters wearing white jeans and a snug T-shirt.

LOIS

Okay, I'm heading out for ladies'  
night. (TWIRLS) Guess who still fits  
in her high school jeans?

PETER

I don't recognize them since they're  
on your legs and not on the floor  
backstage at a Night Ranger concert.

LOIS

Whatever. Put the kids to bed at a reasonable hour.

PETER

Uh huh, uh huh. (HAUGHTY) I'll remind you it is customary to order a pizza for the babysitter.

LOIS

There's a mostly-eaten grocery store chicken in the fridge. I'll be home at eleven.

Lois starts to leave, annoyed.

PETER

Hey, Lois?

She turns back.

LOIS

Yeah?

PETER

How would you find out the name of the actual actress who plays the AT&T chick?

LOIS

(WEARY) I left a list of hot commercial girls on the refrigerator.

PETER

What is this "refrigerator" you keep mentioning? Are you talking about the sandwich house?

LOIS

(SIGHS, TO SELF) I guess I'm not the  
only person with a useless husband. I  
mean, look at Mrs. Butterworth.

INT. LOG CABIN - DAY (CUTAWAY)

MRS. BUTTERWORTH (a large, woman-shaped bottle) stands at a  
large cauldron, stirring syrup. MR. BUTTERWORTH (a human)  
enters with the mail.

MR. BUTTERWORTH

I still don't understand why we  
couldn't take my last name.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

Well, my last name helps keep a roof  
over our head, and pays for your  
hobby.

MR. BUTTERWORTH

(OFFENDED) "Hobby"?

His phone rings.

MR. BUTTERWORTH (CONT'D)

Oh, look at that. My business line is  
ringing. (ANSWERING PHONE, VERY  
CONFIDENT) Hello? Lamps That Look  
Like Soccer Balls? (BEAT) Yes?  
Okay... how many would you like to  
return? (BEAT) Yeah, just send them  
here, care of... (MEEK) Mr.  
Butterworth.

EXT./ESTAB. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

Lois, BONNIE, and DONNA sit, drinking cocktails.

LOIS

It is so nice getting out of the house. If I had to change one more diaper, I was going to lose it.

BONNIE

I'm in exactly the same boat. I mean, what would our husbands do if they had to change their own diapers?

LOIS

Different boat, Bonnie. Much different boat.

DONNA

Come on, this is supposed to be "ladies' night". I don't want to talk about husbands.

LOIS

You're right. It's about us. We don't need men. And we certainly don't need our husbands to have fun!

BONNIE

No we don't!

There's a long beat. The women sip their drinks. Another very long beat. They take another sip. Then:

LOIS

Let's crank call our husbands!

BONNIE

Yeah! We can block our numbers and say we're Bard Medical and tell them their Foley catheter was recalled! They'll freak out!



LOIS

Again, Bonnie, nobody else at this  
table is living your life.

Donna grabs her phone. We **INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. CLEVELAND'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME**

CLEVELAND sits on a closed toilet, holding a pie tin that's empty except for a few crumbs. He has smears of blueberry on his face and is **weeping**.

CLEVELAND

(THROUGH TEARS) You're weak,

Cleveland! You're worthless and weak!

A nearby cordless phone **rings**. He answers it.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE, CHIPPER) You found Brown.

**INT. RESTAURANT - SAME TIME**

Lois and Bonnie **stifle laughter** as Donna talks on the phone.

DONNA

(DISGUIISING VOICE) Hello, Cleveland,  
this is Michelle Obama.

CLEVELAND

It is?!

DONNA

(DISGUIISING VOICE) Yes. I've received  
all your letters, and I do like your  
mustache.

CLEVELAND

I've been doing all your arm exercises.

DONNA

(DISGUIISING VOICE) Thank you, but  
those won't work on your fat arms.

CLEVELAND

How do you know my arms are fat? I deliberately left them out of all the photos.

DONNA

(DISGUISED VOICE) You're eating a pie on the toilet, aren't you, Cleveland?

CLEVELAND

Who is this?! Is this a Jerky Boy?!

DONNA

(NORMAL VOICE) It's your wife, you big dummy!

Donna and the ladies laugh as she hangs up.

CLEVELAND

That's mean-spirited! I hate ladies' night!

His phone rings again. Cleveland answers it.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED) What now?

We SPLIT-SCREEN with:

MICHELLE OBAMA

Cleveland, this is Michelle Obama. I got your letters--

CLEVELAND

I ain't falling for that again! Suck my arthritic toe, you big-armed bitch!

Cleveland hangs up.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

The women are still laughing as Bonnie dials her phone. We INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SWANSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The phone rings, JOE answers.

JOE

(INTO PHONE) Hello?

Bonnie changes her voice.

BONNIE

(DIFFERENT WOMAN'S VOICE) Hello, is  
this Joe Swanson?

LOIS

Wait, you can talk normal?

BONNIE

(COVERS PHONE, BONNIE VOICE) What do  
you mean?

LOIS

Never mind.

BONNIE

(DIFFERENT WOMAN'S VOICE) We're  
calling from WQHG, Quahog's Hottest  
Hits. And we'll give you five-hundred  
dollars if you can sing Britney  
Spears' "I'm Not A Girl, Not Yet A  
Woman". You've got ten seconds to--

JOE

(ON A DIME, SINGING) I'M NOT A GIRL /  
NOT YET A WOMAN / ALL I NEED IS TIME--

BONNIE

(DIFFERENT WOMAN'S VOICE) Oh, but you  
have to be able to walk.

JOE

Aw, nuts.

Bonnie hangs up. The women explode with laughter. Lois takes out her phone.

LOIS

My turn, my turn!

We INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter sits, watching TV. A cordless phone next to him rings.

PETER

(INTO PHONE) Hello, don't say anything about the '98 Super Bowl, I'm watching it now.

LOIS

(DISGUISED VOICE) Hello, is this Peter Griffin?

PETER

(IMPATIENT) If this is the fracking people, I've made it clear that I'm one-hundred percent on board.

LOIS

(DISGUISED VOICE) No, my name is Rebecca. You've never met me before and probably don't even know I exist. But you're my father.

There is silence on the other end.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(DISGUISED VOICE) Hello?

PETER

(FIRMLY) How'd you get this number?!

Don't you ever call here again!

Peter hangs up.

LOIS

(TO DONNA AND BONNIE) What the hell?!

He just got mad and hung up!

BONNIE

He what? Why?

LOIS

I don't know. But that was weird.

Even weirder than when he thought  
everything was the board game "Risk".

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Lois sits on the couch. Peter enters, **pushing** a giant plastic blue cannon. He **rolls** dice on the floor, then:

PETER

Ha! I've conquered this couch. And  
ten hours of no fun later, this entire  
living room will be mine.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Peter sits on the couch as Lois enters.

LOIS

Hey, Peter.

PETER

Ugh, finally, you're home. Grab the  
other end of this wishbone.

Peter produces a wishbone. They each pull on it. Peter  
**snaps** off the bigger piece.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yes! I got my wish! Somewhere in the  
world there's a cow that's walking  
upright.

**EXT. PASTURE - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

A group of COWS graze. Suddenly, one of them looks up, then stands upright on its two hind legs. The cow then flips off the other cows with both "hands" (pixilated) as it walks off.

UPRIGHT COW

Suck it, losers.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)**

LOIS

(FISHING) So, aside from the wishbone, did anything else interesting happen tonight?

PETER

Yeah. I finally peed that chunk of poo off the side of the bowl. You know the one you've been yelling at me about?

LOIS

Nobody... called, or anything?

PETER

Nope.

Lois picks up the cordless phone off the couch.

LOIS

Really? Nobody? (OFF PHONE) What about this? Someone called from a blocked number.

PETER

Oh, you know what that was? I  
stupidly volunteered to make the  
jerseys for the softball team at work,  
so I was on the phone with the  
printing company trying to decide if  
we should go with the Pawtucket Pat  
logo or just letters across the front  
of the jersey, you know, like  
professional baseball players do?

LOIS

(SKEPTICAL) Okay, so what did you  
decide?

PETER

I'm gonna circle back with Evan and  
decide in the morning. I'll tell you,  
next year I'm leaving this up to  
someone else.

LOIS

And that's all you did on the phone?

PETER

Yep. So, hey, are you tipsy enough to  
let me have lazy Tony Soprano sex?  
You know, where I just lie there and  
arch my hips a little bit and breathe  
like a dying whale?

LOIS

I-- I don't know.

PETER

Alright, well, just in case, I'll be  
upstairs getting into my boxers and  
black socks.

Lois looks concerned as Peter exits upstairs, breathing  
heavily as he does.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lois sits with Bonnie and Donna.

DONNA

Do you think it's possible he actually  
has an illegitimate child?

LOIS

I don't know, but something's goin'  
on, because I'm telling you, he lied  
right to my face.

BONNIE

Joe lies to my stomach all the time.  
It's what men do.

DONNA

Sometimes friends put out wine for  
each other.

LOIS

I just don't understand it. I mean,  
we don't keep secrets in this house.  
We didn't even keep the Pop Secret's  
secret.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Chris pulls a BAG OF POPCORN out of the microwave and opens  
it. The flap speaks to him.



POP SECRET

Psst. Hey, did you hear?

CHRIS

Hear what?

POP SECRET

Orville Redenbacher is gay.

CHRIS

But he has a son. He's in the commercial.

POP SECRET

His son's gay, too. They're both gay. They have sex parties in the Hollywood Hills.

CHRIS

It sounds like you're just making up stories about your competitors.

POP SECRET

You're gay, too.

CHRIS

What?

The flap mouth lunges forward and tries to kiss Chris on the lips. Chris recoils and pushes it away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Aaa! You're a psycho!

Chris runs into the living room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Dad, you're never gonna believe--

**WIDEN TO REVEAL** Peter, sitting on the couch. **ORVILLE REDENBACHER** and his **SON** sit on Peter's lap.

PETER

Chris, meet Orville Redenbacher and  
his son. Watch.

Peter pushes them towards each other until they kiss.

CHRIS (V.O.)

And that's where the expression "gay  
as a bag of popcorn" comes from.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter crosses through, holding his car keys.

PETER

Alright, I'll see you later.

LOIS

What? Where are you going?

PETER

Laser tag orientation.

Peter exits.

BONNIE

Well, that's obviously not true.

DONNA

Yeah, that boy got lie-arrhea.

LOIS

Oh my god. I-- I gotta follow him,  
find out where he's really going.

DONNA

Good idea. If I was you, I'd stick to  
him like glue-arrhea.

LOIS

(LESS IMPRESSED) Okay, I think I'm  
starting to crack your code.

Lois exits into:

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Brian sits at the table, reading the paper, as Lois enters.

LOIS

Quick, Brian, I need your car.

BRIAN

Oh, you do.

Brian looks at Lois smugly and slowly folds the newspaper.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

"Need" is an interesting thing, isn't it? Because I remember when I "needed" some seed funding to open my book store, "A Novel Idea". I believe you called me, and I quote, "A furry little idiot." So what's interesting--

**ADJUST TO REVEAL** the kitchen door is ajar and Lois is backing Brian's car out of the driveway.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Dammit.

**WIDEN TO INCLUDE** Stewie in his high chair, looking at a laptop.

STEWIE

Ah, too bad. But at least somebody donated to your Kickstarter page.

Stewie spins the laptop around so Brian can see the page. **CLOSE ON** the screen where we see a Kickstarter page for Brian's book store with a **PHOTO** of a smiling Brian, holding a book and chewing on the end of horn-rimmed glasses. There is only five cents pledged out of a fifty-thousand dollar goal. The one backer listed is Stewie, with a comment that reads, "Terrible idea. Worse guy."

**EXT. QUAHOG ROAD - DAY**

Lois follows Peter down the road in Brian's car. Peter parks in front of a building, which reads, "QUAHOG SPERM BANK". Peter gets out and enters the building.

LOIS

What the hell?

**INT. SPERM BANK - DAY**

Peter stands at the counter when Lois enters.

LOIS

Peter, what're you doing here?

Peter turns and sees Lois, caught.

PETER

Lois! Oh, uh, I was-- I'm just shopping. (THEN, TO PERSON AT COUNTER, COVERING) I'll take a large sperm, please. (THEN, TO LOIS) Nice going, now you've ruined Christmas.

LOIS

Peter Griffin, you tell me what's going on right now.

PETER

(SIGHS, CAVING) Okay, fine, I'll be honest with you. A long while back, just before we got married, I was a little short of cash.

LOIS

What, to buy our rings?

PETER

No, I wanted to pay for dial-up modem impression classes. See?

Peter opens his mouth and we hear a dial-up modem connecting.

LOIS

Wow, that's pretty good. I--

Peter holds up a finger, as if to say "hold on", then, from his open mouth we hear:

AOL GUY (V.O.)

You've got mail!

LOIS

Okay, but hang on. You were a sperm donor?

PETER

Yeah, I'd almost forgotten about it, but then last night I get this call from a woman who says she's my daughter!

LOIS

Peter, that was me. I was prank calling you.

PETER

You what?! I can't believe you would do that to me!

From behind a nearby door, we hear:

MAN'S VOICE #1 (O.S.)

Can you guys argue elsewhere, you're making it tough to finish in here!

From behind another door, we hear:

MAN'S VOICE #2 (O.S.)

No, fight louder! Call her a bitch!

Lois pulls Peter off to the side.

LOIS

But I don't understand. Why did you  
come here today?

PETER

'Cause that call last night gave me a  
scare. I figured if I do have a kid  
out there, I want to make sure they're  
not giving out my information.  
They're not supposed to, I signed a  
form.

LOIS

Hold on, Peter. I'm sorry I tricked  
you, but if you do have a child out  
there, isn't it only fair to let him  
or her meet you?

PETER

(SKEPTICAL) I don't know, Lois.

LOIS

Think about it, anyone would want to  
meet their dad. At the very least,  
they should know your medical history.  
God knows there's a lot of it.

PETER

I guess you're right. I got those bad  
kidneys... all those stents and shunts...  
and, of course, my chronic itchy bum.

LOIS

How your teeth just randomly fall  
out...

A MAN comes out from behind the first door.

MAN #1

(ANNOYED) Forget this. You guys  
ruined it.

MAN #2 comes out from behind the second door, holding eight  
small cups.

MAN #2

(GIVES THUMBS UP) Thanks, you two! Me  
and the wife are gonna buy patio  
furniture!

LOIS

Peter, just remember how you felt when  
you found out your real father was in  
Ireland. What if someone said you  
weren't allowed to go find him?

PETER

(THINKS) Eh, maybe you're right.

LOIS

I mean, as long as we're here, maybe  
you should sign a consent form. If  
you do have a son or daughter, they  
should be allowed to find you.

PETER

Okay, I'll do it.

Peter takes a form off the counter and begins to fill it out.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thanks, Lois. This does feel like the  
right thing to do. Like when I gave  
money to that Indian homeless man.

**EXT. STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

An INDIAN HOMELESS MAN stands on the street as Peter passes.

INDIAN HOMELESS MAN

Spare a dollar?

PETER

No way, you're just gonna waste it on  
medical school.

INDIAN HOMELESS MAN

No, I swear! I'm going to buy malt  
liquor.

PETER

Okay, that's better.

Peter hands him a dollar.

**INT. MEDICAL EXAM ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK, CONT'D)**

A CHYRON reads "TEN YEARS LATER". Peter sits on an exam  
table. The homeless man, now wearing a doctor's coat and  
stethoscope, enters.

INDIAN HOMELESS MAN

(OFF CHART) Mr. Griffin?

PETER

You lied to me! But please get this  
cancer out.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Peter sits on the couch, watching TV. The doorbell rings.  
Lois enters from the kitchen and answers the door, revealing  
a TWENTY-YEAR-OLD GIRL WHO LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE PETER.

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Hi, is Peter Griffin here?

LOIS

Oh my god.



TWENTY-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Is everything okay?

LOIS

Yes, it's just-- You look just like--  
Peter steps into frame.

PETER

What's going on? Who's this  
supermodel?

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD GIRL

I'm Katie. (BEAT) I'm your daughter.

PETER

You're what? Holy crap.

KATIE

Yeah, I hope you don't mind the drop-  
in, but the sperm bank said it was  
okay to contact you.

PETER

Wow, I guess I just didn't expect this  
so soon.

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Well, we were all pretty excited to  
meet you.

PETER

What do you mean "we"?

Peter looks past her and we see there are THIRTY PEOPLE who  
all look like Peter, ranging in age from newborns to twenty.

KATIE

We're all your children. We all came  
from your semen. "Semen". Hehehehehe.

Peter's other children join in, laughing:

PETER'S CHILDREN

(ROLLING LAUGH) Hehehe, "semen"... /

Hehehe... / "Semen". Hehehe... /

Hehehe... / (OSTRICH) Ha-haaa.

ANGLE ON an OSTRICH standing amongst Peter's children.

OSTRICH

Oh, sorry. Wrong house.

ANGLE DOWN THE STREET, where a crowd of OSTRICHES stand on a front lawn.

OSTRICH #2

Look, Eddie's at the wrong house. Ha-haaa.

OSTRICHES

(ROLLING LAUGH) Ha-haaa. / Ha-haaa. /

Ha-haaa. / Ha-haaa.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter's kids are now inside with the rest of the family.  
Lois pulls Peter aside.

LOIS

Peter, how many times were you a sperm  
donor?

PETER

Only once, but I had just seen Uma  
Thurman in "Beautiful Girls" so it was  
kind of a "ka-blamo". You ever seen  
those videos where they put Mentos in  
Diet Coke?

Lois turns to all of the Peter children.

LOIS

Listen, I want all of you to know how  
happy we are to meet you.

STEWIE

Aaand not one host gift.

LOIS

In fact, this calls for a celebration.  
Can you all stay for dinner?

PETER

(SOTTO) Lois, we don't even know these  
people. Next thing you know, one of  
my kids poisons my food and they're  
looking to inherit my whole estate.

LOIS

We have nothing.

PETER

Clearly you haven't looked in my sock drawer.

LOIS

You mean the bag full of quarters and a Ken Caminiti baseball card?

PETER

Okay, you've looked in my sock drawer.

KATIE

(TO LOIS) We'd love to spend more time with you. Many of us have been wondering our whole lives what our dad would be like.

PETER

Look, just 'cause you're my kids and you all look like me doesn't mean we have anything in common.

Katie steps forward and **farts** the first five notes from "Close Encounters". Peter **gasps**. Suddenly, Peter **farts** the five response notes in a much lower tone.

KATIE

Daddy.

Peter then follows it with the next **longer sequence**. Katie and the rest of the Peters **respond** by matching Peter's notes. They begin **farting** back and forth, "communicating" like in the film. Finally, they stop.

PETER

(CHOKED UP) I've never felt proud of any of my children until now.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**EXT. GRIFFINS' BACKYARD - SAME**

All of Peter's offspring mingle in the backyard with the Griffin family and our regulars. **ANGLE ON** Stewie and one of PETER'S SONS. He is a sixteen-year-old who wears an accordion and has Peter's face.

ACCORDION PETER

(GERMAN ACCENT) This is so exciting.

For years, I have dreamed of one day  
traveling from Bavaria to play the  
accordion for my birth family. May I?

He begins to play the accordion horribly.

STEWIE

I bet you have an awesome piece of art  
on the wall that your family  
mysteriously acquired in the late 30s.

**ANGLE ON** Peter as he talks to a GAY COUPLE who hold a BABY who looks like Peter.

GAY MAN #1

We just can't thank you enough for  
being our donor.

GAY MAN #2

Yeah, I mean, it's really wonderful  
you did that. And it changed our  
lives when we got that sperm.

Just then, a WIFE and her HUSBAND walk by.

GAY MAN #1

(TO WOMAN) Oh, here's your baby back.

WIFE

Thanks for watching him.

She takes the baby.

GAY MAN #1

(TO PETER) Anyway, again, really  
enjoyed your sperm.

The gay couple walks away.

INT. NEUTRAL SPACE - X (CUTAWAY)

Peter talks to camera.

PETER

It was... not intended for  
recreational use.

EXT. GRIFFINS' BACKYARD - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter is still talking to the husband and wife, who holds the  
Peter Baby.

WIFE

Lemme ask you something. How old were  
you when you started talking?

PETER

Seventeen. So you've got some time.

ANGLE ON Brian, talking to one of Peter's sons, WRITER PETER,  
who wears dark-rimmed glasses.

BRIAN

So, I understand you are also a  
writer. Looking at this crowd I'd say  
we're the only two here, am I write?  
(CHUCKLES, THEN) Get it? "Write?" W-  
R-I-T-E?

WRITER PETER

Um, no, not until you spelled it out.

BRIAN

Okay, I will (SLOWLY) slow... it...  
down... for... you...

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(THEN) Don't feel bad, not many people  
can keep up with this brain. Mile a  
minute, always thinking, nay, seeing,  
nay, both.

WRITER PETER

So what do you write?

BRIAN

God, what don't I write? And by  
"god", I mean, David Foster Wallace,  
obvi. I spend most of my time in  
N.Y.C. writing for a little rag called  
The New Yorker. No big.

WRITER PETER

Really? I don't recognize your name.

BRIAN

Of course not, I write under a name-de-  
plume. I kind of have to, because I  
don't like to be hounded -- holy  
Franzen, I can't turn it off.

**ANGLE ON** Chris, as a hot, young, AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN, who  
looks like Peter, approaches him.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN PETER

Well, look at your fine ass.

CHRIS

(NERVOUSLY) Are you talking to me?

AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN PETER

Damn right. I've been looking around  
this whole house for something to  
nibble on, I think I just found it.

She strokes his arm affectionately. Chris' eyes go wide and he starts to shake.

CHRIS

So many confusing feelings!

Chris' crotch **explodes**. He looks down, alarmed, then his head **explodes**. He **collapses**. **ANGLE ON** Lois. Peter rushes in, holding a DWARF with Peter's face.

PETER

Lois! Lois! Can I keep the little person Peter?!

LOIS

No. They're too much work.

PETER

But I'll take care of it! I promise!

LOIS

You always say that, and I'm the one who ends up feeding him and walking him, and doing all the clean up.

LITTLE PERSON PETER

Excuse me, I'm a candidate for a doctorate in Classics at Wesleyan.

PETER

It talks, Lois! It talks!

LOIS

Alright, we can try. One week, Peter.

But he's an outside little person.

Lois walks away.

PETER

(WHISPERED, TO LITTLE PERSON PETER)

I'm gonna sneak you inside.



**ANGLE ON** Lois, clearing a bunch of dirty plates from a table. She trips and is about to drop the plates when she's steadied by LARRY, one of Peter's kids. He's twenty-one and looks just like a young Peter.

LARRY

Whoa, that was close. You almost  
dipped one of your yabbos in the  
marinara. Lemme help you with those.

Larry takes some of the plates from Lois.

LOIS

Well, thank you. That's so sweet.  
You're the first person who looks  
anything like my husband who's offered  
to help in any way.

LARRY

Oh, you must be Peter's wife, Tina.

LOIS

No, Lois.

LARRY

Oh, he was-- he was talkin' about  
someone else. I'm Larry.

LOIS

It's nice to meet you. Weird hands-  
full pinky shake?

They do a weird hands-full pinky shake.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I gotta tell you, it's so strange, you  
look so much like Peter when I first  
met him.

LARRY

I'm guessing you look exactly the same, too. You're in such great shape.

LOIS

Well, I do have tiny blue weights in my garage.

They share a laugh.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(FLUSTERED) Is this-- is this a date? This feels like a date.

LARRY

Yeah, right. I should be so lucky, Tina.

LOIS

It's Lois.

LARRY

I'm sorry, it's just your husband talked a lot about that other woman.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Lois is in her pajamas and bathrobe, still cleaning up from the party.

LOIS

Uch. Underwear with throw up on it?

How does that work?

There is a knock at the door. Lois answers it, revealing Larry.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Oh, hi, Larry.

LARRY

Hi, Lois. Is Peter here?

LOIS

Larry, it's only two in the afternoon.  
Peter's still sleeping off last  
night's party.

LARRY

Then why-- why are you still in your  
pajamas and bathrobe?

LOIS

(MATTER OF FACT) Oh, that's because  
I'm depressed.

LARRY

Is that why that sad, Shel Silverstein  
blob is following you around?

**WIDEN TO REVEAL** the depressed, pencil-sketch BLOB from the  
Zoloft commercials. It has a cloud hovering above its head.

ZOLOFT BLOB

(MOPEY) Who would ever fuck me?

**ANGLE BACK ON** Lois and Larry.

LARRY

Anyway, I stopped by to see Peter.  
Last night he did a magic trick. I  
gave him a hundred dollar bill and I  
never got it back.

LOIS

Oh, well, that explains the incredible  
amount of Hardee's wrappers I had to  
push off myself this morning.

LARRY

Wow, those are some lucky burger  
wrappers. Speaking of which, do you  
like Chinese?

LOIS

No, I find them rude and aloof.

LARRY

No, I mean Chinese food. I was gonna  
go grab a bite. Wanna join me?

LOIS

Sure, it'd be nice to eat at a  
restaurant. Peter stopped taking me  
out when he replaced our dinner table  
with an air hockey table.

**INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

The Griffins sit around an air hockey table, eating, as their  
plates, utensils, glasses, etc., all slowly float around the  
table. Peter finishes his plate and **sets down** his fork.

PETER

Hey, Lois, do my dishes.

He produces an air hockey paddle and **bank shots** his plate  
like a puck towards Lois' end of the table. She quickly  
produces an air hockey paddle and tries to block it, but it  
enters her goal with a **clank**.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yay! Peter one, marriage zero!

**EXIT./ESTAB. PARK - DAY**

Lois and Larry stroll through a park near a small lake.  
Larry holds a Chinese food takeout box.

LOIS

Thank you again for lunch, Larry.

That was one of the best number sixes  
I've ever had.

LARRY

Yeah, well, in half an hour, I'm gonna  
have one of the best number twos I've  
ever had.

They both share a laugh.

LOIS

Can I tell you something? This has  
been the best day I've had in a while.  
You know, Peter and I used to come to  
this park all the time.

LARRY

Well, it's a good park. I've spent  
many a Saturday monopolizing the tire  
swing. Sometimes I drink rain water  
out of it.

LOIS

(OFF LAKE) Oh, look at the people in  
the paddleboats! Are you thinking  
what I'm thinking?

LARRY

(RE: TAKEOUT BOX) That we throw the  
rest of this orange chicken at 'em?

LOIS

You read my mind! Give me a big  
sticky one.

Larry opens the takeout box and hands her a piece. They each happily chuck orange chicken at the paddleboat RIDERS. **ANGLE ON** one of the boats, in which MORT and NEIL GOLDMAN **paddle**. A piece of orange chicken flies in from O.S. and **hits** Mort in the head.

MORT

Aaa! It's a delicious hate crime!

**ANGLE BACK ON** Larry and Lois, who throw the last pieces of orange chicken. They laugh.

LOIS

Oh my god, this is the perfect capper  
to a perfect afternoon.

LARRY

I've had a lot of fun, too.

LOIS

Uch, but look at me. I've got orange  
sauce all over my fingers. Do you  
have a napkin?

LARRY

No, but let me help you clean it off.

He takes her hand and **licks** each of her fingers clean.

LOIS

Larry, are you turned on or starving?

LARRY

Can't it be both?

They look into each other's eyes... and Larry **kisses** Lois.  
After a moment:

LOIS

Wow, Larry... that was unexpected.

Larry puts his finger to her lips.

LARRY

Shh... we'll discuss this later. I  
have to get back to my high school.

LOIS

(CONCERNED) Oh.

LARRY

Where I work.

LOIS

(RELIEVED) Oh.

LARRY

As a janitor.

LOIS

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

LARRY

To pay for medical school.

LOIS

(IMPRESSED) Oh!

LARRY

That I'm building.

LOIS

(VERY IMPRESSED) Oh!

LARRY

Out of popsicle sticks.

LOIS

(VERY DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Brian and Stewie sit at the table, eating breakfast, as Lois washes dishes. Peter enters, flanked by several of his OFFSPRING (including a few of the ones we saw earlier).

PETER

Hey, Lois, me and some of my kids are forming an a capella group. We're callin' ourselves the Griffinpoofs.

BRIAN

Wow. That's actually clever.

PETER

Yeah, Ivy League Peter came up with that, I don't know what it means. By the way, Dwarf Peter died. I didn't know what he ate, so I gave him nothin'.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN PETER

(GRANDLY) His name was Tyler. He had a name.

PETER

Everything you say, you say with pride. I like that about you. (THEN) Anyway, we need one more for the a capella group. Where's Larry?

LOIS

(GUILTILY) Larry? Why would I know where Larry is? And who is Larry?



STEWIE

(MIFFED) Okay, didn't ask me to be in  
the a capella group. That's cool.

PETER

Alright, well, if you see him, tell  
him to text me his sweater vest size.

Peter and his children exit. Brian turns to Lois.

BRIAN

Wow, you want to tell me what that  
was?

LOIS

(BREAKING DOWN) Oh, Brian, Larry and I  
sort of crossed a line yesterday. I  
don't know, he's just so sweet and fun-  
loving, and for god's sake, he looks  
just like Peter did when he was his  
age.

BRIAN

Yeah, but...?

LOIS

Well, he... he kissed me. And I kind  
of let him. I told him it could never  
happen again, and that--

Brian instantly yanks Lois in for a kiss. She pulls back.

LOIS (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

BRIAN

Oh, I thought that was kind of like,  
"I'm open for business."

LOIS

No! I'm confiding in a friend!

STEWIE

("OOH, BURN!") Ohhh! You're the safe friend!

LOIS

Look, I feel awful about it. But I told Larry that was it, and we couldn't be anything more than friends.

BRIAN

So, you're still going to see him?

LOIS

Yeah, of course, he's a nice young man and he's practically family. (THEN)  
Can I use your credit card so Peter can't see my purchases?

BRIAN

My credit card got cut up at Chipotle. But I would be careful about seeing this guy, Lois. I think you're asking for trouble. Like giving a lead role to West Virginia Madsen.

**EXT. PORCH - NIGHT (LIVE ACTION)**

We see the scene from "Sideways" where PAUL GIAMATTI explains Pinot Noir. (**REFERENCE:** <https://youtu.be/QCS1Gnwbt0?t=8>)  
After Paul finishes his explanation, we **ANGLE ON WEST VIRGINIA MADSEN:**

WEST VIRGINIA MADSEN

What even is wine?

EXT./ESTAB. COSTMART - DAY

INT. COSTMART - SAME

Larry stands behind Lois, covering her eyes, as he leads her into the store.

LARRY

Almost there... almost there...

He removes his hands, revealing the store to Lois.

LOIS

(SMILING) CostMart? What are we doing at CostMart?

LARRY

I thought we could spend the afternoon eating free samples and watching "Avatar" on twelve flatscreen TVs.

LOIS

Oh, what fun! We can drag some paper shredders over and sit on them.

LARRY

Way ahead of you.

**WIDEN TO REVEAL** two paper shredders positioned in front of the row of flatscreen TVs.

LARRY (CONT'D)

These things are the...

LARRY/LOIS

(IN UNISON) ...perfect butt height.

They both sit.

LARRY

(LAUGHS, THEN) How'd you know that?

LOIS

Oh, I used to come here all the time  
when Peter and I were first married.  
We'd go down the cracker aisle and  
feel like we were in Italy.

LARRY

You know, if you went to Italy,  
everybody would be grabbing your butt  
'cause it's so hot.

LOIS

Normally, something like that would be  
crass, but you make it sound like a  
Hallmark card.

LARRY

What's a Hallmark card?

LOIS

Oh, you're too young, you don't know.  
It's like a once-a-year cardboard  
Snapchat. (THEN) This is so nice.  
See, we can have a good time without  
kissing.

LARRY

Yeah, but here's an idea, what if we  
kept a solid two feet between us and  
just french kissed the air?

LOIS

You mean like as friends?

LARRY

Absolutely.

LOIS

(TURNED ON) Okay, yeah.

They close their eyes and french kiss the air.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(EYES STILL CLOSED) I think we're

gonna have to buy this paper shredder.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lois and Larry sit on the couch, watching TV.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

We now return to "Star Trek II: The  
Wrath of Khan", starring present-day  
William Shatner.

INT. GENESIS CAVE - NIGHT (ON TV)

A fat WILLIAM SHATNER listens as KHAN speaks to him over the  
radio.

KHAN (O.S. - OVER RADIO)

I leave you as you left me: marooned  
on a dead planet, with nothing but a  
freezer full of Klondike Bars--

WILLIAM SHATNER

(QUICKLY) Okay.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Lois puts her hand on her neck as she grimaces uncomfortably.

LARRY

Is everything okay?

LOIS

Yeah, I'm fine, I just hurt my neck  
this morning vigorously nodding  
approval to Judge Judy.

LARRY

Well, who could blame you? She is the  
Queen of Common Sense.

LOIS

(NODDING) I know! Exact-- (GRABBING  
NECK IN PAIN) Ow!

Larry puts his hands together and **rub**s them, warming them up.

LARRY

Okay, the doctor is in. C'mon. Back  
it up over here. Someone's got a neck  
massage coming.

Lois scooches over and turns her back towards Larry, who  
starts to deeply massage her neck.

LOIS

Aah, right there. Okay, but let's  
keep this friendly. You can choke me  
for just a second.

LARRY

Maybe I should just go ahead and do  
your whole back.

Larry now reaches under Lois' shirt, pulling it up as he  
starts working her back.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, your bra strap is getting in the  
way, I'll just bite it off with my  
teeth.

Larry bends over and puts his mouth on Lois' bra clasp, as  
the **door opens** and Peter enters.

PETER

Lois, is a president stronger than a  
king? (THEN, NOTICING) What the hell?!

LOIS

(STARTLED) Oh, Peter!

Lois and Larry quickly scoot away from each other. Lois fixes her shirt.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(COVERING) Um, Larry thought I was wearing a wire, so I was just proving to him that I'm not an undercover agent. (FAUX ANNOYED) Satisfied, Larry?!

LARRY

About halfway there. (THEN) Which way is the bathroom?

PETER

Hold on a second, I know what this is! You guys are messing around!

LOIS

Peter, c'mon, calm down. We're just friends. He's just giving me a friendly massage.

PETER

A friendly massage?!

LOIS

Yeah, and what do you care? When's the last time you did anything nice for me?

PETER

(DEFENSIVE) I ate that gross pasta you made.

LARRY

I might as well just tell you, Peter.  
I'm in love with Lois. I knew it the  
moment we kissed.

PETER

Kissed?! (TO LOIS) Is that true?!

LOIS

Yes, Peter, but--

PETER

(SEETHING, TO LARRY) You son of a bitch!

I masturbated into a cup for you!

Peter lunges for Larry and gets him in a headlock. They  
fight, falling out the still open door, onto the front lawn.  
At one point during the fight:

PETER (CONT'D)

(ANGRY) I was gonna let you be in my  
improv troupe.

LARRY

Wasn't it a capella?

PETER

(THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) I thought it  
was the same thing.

As they fight more, Larry gets the upper hand and starts  
pummeling Peter. RESIDENTS of Spooner Street gather to  
watch. ANGLE ON QUAGMIRE, who looks on, annoyed.

QUAGMIRE

Everybody says, "We don't need a  
homeowners' association. That's  
stupid, Quagmire." Well, this is why  
a homeowners' association.

The fight continues. Larry has a badly-beaten Peter pinned  
to the ground and is about to give him a final punch.



Suddenly, out of nowhere, Larry is **smashed** in the head from behind with a flower pot which **shatters**, knocking him out. Larry **slumps** to the ground, revealing his assailant: Lois.

PETER

What the hell?! Lois?!

STEWIE

Whoa. Bitch fights dirty.

Lois helps Peter to his feet.

PETER

What'd you do that for? I thought you and him were girlfriend and boyfriend.

LOIS

He was not my boyfriend, Peter. But that's just it. Watching the two of you fight just now, I realized I was feeling more pity for you than turned on by him.

PETER

I was holding my own there.

LOIS

You were getting beat up.

PETER

No, I meant I was holding my own nuts so he wouldn't kick 'em. (THEN, HURT) Wouldn't hurt any more than the thought of you being attracted to that guy.

LOIS

Look, I'm so sorry if I hurt you, Peter. Please forgive me.

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

But the truth is, the only reason I had any interest in Larry at all is because he reminded me of a younger version of you. The way you used to be.

PETER

(SIGHS) You're probably right. I know I've been taking you for granted, but I promise I'll make it up to you. I'll be the best husband ever.

LOIS

You already are. For god's sakes, when push came to shove, you stood toe-to-toe with a much younger man and fought for me.

PETER

And now I'm gonna do all the stuff for you that he was doing.

LOIS

No, Peter, I don't need any of that. At our age, all I'm really looking for in a husband is someone who's not afraid to pop a back zit for me.

PETER

"Afraid"? I love doing that. It's like bubble wrap you get to have sex with every now and then.

LOIS

(FLIRTY) I got a pretty good one going  
right now, Peter.

PETER

(SWEETLY) You always do, Lois. I love  
you.

They ~~kiss~~ and exit into the house. We hear a NARRATOR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

("DAVID MCCULLOUGH") From that day  
forward, Peter and Lois never again--  
Uhp, nope. Sorry, there's still  
another scene left.

Mid-way into the above line, we see an **ESTABLISHING SHOT** of  
the Griffins' house and hear a **music cue**.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

The family sits on the couch.

LOIS

Well, Peter, it turns out your initial  
instinct was right. You never  
should've let any of your children  
contact you.

PETER

You said it. From now on, I'm making  
sure my sperm stays right where it  
belongs: in the bathroom sink.

BRIAN

You know, I feel bad. I never got to  
tell Larry goodbye.

LOIS

Eh, I can tell him tomorrow when I see him in court. He's pressing charges for me cracking his head open.

PETER

Alright, well, if you go to jail, can you first just fill all the cabinets with cereal?

STEWIE

And I would like a trail mix with vanilla chips.

CHRIS

Ooh! Pizza bagels.

MEG

I'm out of conditioner.

PETER

You know what, I'll make a list.

END OF SHOW